

civilization. No one can conceive of the possible disaster to this people if the Moravian missionary and men like Peck and Grenfell had not been near to protest in many ways against these things.

The Moravians have been engaged in missionary work on the Labrador for a century and a half. It seems hardly credible that long before transportation was comfortable and the means of communication were then simple and infrequent, these men and women sailed into the arctic ice of the cruel North Atlantic and carried to this uttermost part the message of a Saviour to the dweller of the North. If it was commerce that led the Hudson Bay Co. into that region during the reign of Charles the Second, it was the order of the King of Kings that led these Moravians with the message of the Cross to this bleak and forbidding shore. The Hudson Bay Company interpret their initials H. B. C. as "Here Before Christ." This comfort appears, that if this company was there before the missionary it was only a temporary fact, for soon came the missionary with the purpose not to make anything out of the native, but to bring him help and truth. The Moravians have stations at Makovik, at Hopedale, at Nain and at Okak. Two stations, Nain and Ramah, were named after places in Scripture; Ramah, however, has been abandoned. The Moravians have realized the problem of the decrease of the Eskimo and work at other places may yet have to be given up. One is impressed with the character and strength of these missionaries for, with the exception of the workers in the Grenfell Mission, they are easily the best people on the coast. They are mentally strong, physically industrious and vigorous and of a high type of genuine spirituality. They are the invariable friends to all travelers who pass that way and dispense that kind of welcome that suggest that they are given to hospitality. The buildings of the missions are very substantial structures and with every convenience for the kind of work necessary.

In his native life the Eskimo lives in seal skin tents in summer and in an "Igloo" or snow house in the winter. At the mission stations he has learned to build huts and roof them over with moss which may be gathered from between rocks or on the sides of the rocks that are near. The native boat is called a "kayak" and is used only by the men, while the "Oomiak" is for women. The "kayak" will hold only one person and is a most perilous nautical affair. It will turn over with the most remarkable facility and without provocation. One must be fully acquainted with the problems of the center of gravity and equilibrium or he will get into the water, the temperature of which even in summer is cold. Some of the Eskimos of the North have a seal skin hood surrounding the manhole of the "kayak" and by drawing this hood tightly around the waist and making it fast they can turn their "kayak" completely over and come up on the opposite side with it, moist but smiling.

The Eskimo dog is called a "Husky." In fact, the Eskimo himself is called a "Husky." This name is a correction of the word Eskimo. The early English settler put the letter "H" before the word and said "Huskimo" from which the name "Husky" is descend-

ed by ordinary generation. The "Husky" dog is a marvel for endurance and power when well fed. When under-fed he is ferocious and unreliable. To keep him under control, he must be in fear of his master. There are many instances on record of a dog team turning on the master and eating him. Only a winter ago a brother of a man who was in the hospital at Battle Harbour this summer, disappeared near St. Mary's Bay on the Labrador. They found a piece of his clothing. It was thought that he had tripped and fallen and the hungry dogs leaped upon him. Bishop Martin of the Moravian mission at Nain, lost his little boy in a similar way. They heard the cries and saw him in the midst of the dogs. They rescued his shoes. A dog that has once tasted human blood is killed. There is every reason to believe that these dogs are closely related to the wolf. Dr. Grieve, the physician in charge at Battle Harbour hospital, has a dog, "Jerry," that is a perfect type of a timber wolf. Yet these dogs, when well fed are apparently docile and with a fair show of friendship. They do not bark, but they make up the deficiency with the long howl that sounds like a call of the wild. Each night at almost the same hour one begins the howl, and from all around from neighboring rocky islands can be heard other dogs taking up the cry as if they could not keep down the thing primitive in them. When you go among them it is well to be armed with a big stick and not speak softly either. If you care to express your interest by patting one of these dogs on the head with the plaintive appreciation of "nice little doggie," take care that he does not take a mouthful out of your hand as a souvenir of your friendship. Dr. Grenfell has the hope of introducing a different kind of dog and he has been given a pair of Irish wolf hounds raised in Kentucky and presented to him by the Central Church Sunday-school of Washington. The School has also given him a handsome all hickory "komatik" or sled made by Mr. Cook, of New York, brother of Dr. Fred Cook. This sled is now at St. Anthony, Newfoundland.

The Eskimo is a very musical creature and seems to have more idea of a tune than some other savage tribes. Under the tuition of the missionary, he has shown great aptitude for singing. I gathered into the cabin of our ship a number of Eskimos from the Hopedale mission. It happened that there was a piano on our ship that went North. Gathering these people about me I played some modern airs for them which they enjoyed hugely. In return they agreed to sing for me in their native tongue while I played the accompaniment. They sang, "Hold the Fort," "Count Your Blessings," "Abide With Me," "God be With us Till We Meet Again," and finally "God Save the King." This latter was made very interesting by two American companions who sang the words "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Though we could not communicate with each other in language we were assured that there was a mutual bond of sympathy between us because we had a common Saviour. As our ship weighed anchor we bade farewell to these simple folk, hearing their glad "Ochsunae," and watched their little boats fade away into specks on the horizon as our ship put out to sea.